

Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY NO. 13
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
OF
ANN ARBOR - MICHIGAN.

THE WAY WE GO.

TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR & NORTH MICHIGAN R. R., TO HAMBURG.

GRAND TRUNK RY. (MICHIGAN AIR LINE), TO PORT HURON.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, VIA TORONTO, TO KINGSTON.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. TO MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, VIA QUEBEC, TO PORTLAND.

BOSTON & MAINE, VIA OLD ORCHARD BEACH, TO BOSTON.

RETURN TRIPS.

FITCHBURG RAILWAY, VIA SARATOGA, TO ROTTERDAM.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD TO NIAGARA FALLS.

GRAND TRUNK RY. TO DETROIT; M. C. R. R., HOME.

OPTIONAL RETURN TRIPS.

FITCHBURG R. R. VIA SARATOGA TO ALBANY OR TROY.

HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE TO NEW YORK.

WEST SHORE, LEHIGH VALLEY, OR ERIE RY., TO NIAGARA FALLS.

GRAND TRUNK RY. TO DETROIT; M. C. R. R., HOME.

Or, via any coastwise line of Steamers, Boston to New York; any Railroad, New York to Niagara Falls; Grand Trunk to Detroit, M. C., Home.

TRIENNIAL COMMITTEE.

CHAS. E. HISCOCK, *P. E. C., Chairman.*
P. W. CARPENTER, *P. E. C.* A. C. NICHOLS, *E. C.*
L. C. GOODRICH, *P. E. C.* E. W. MOORE

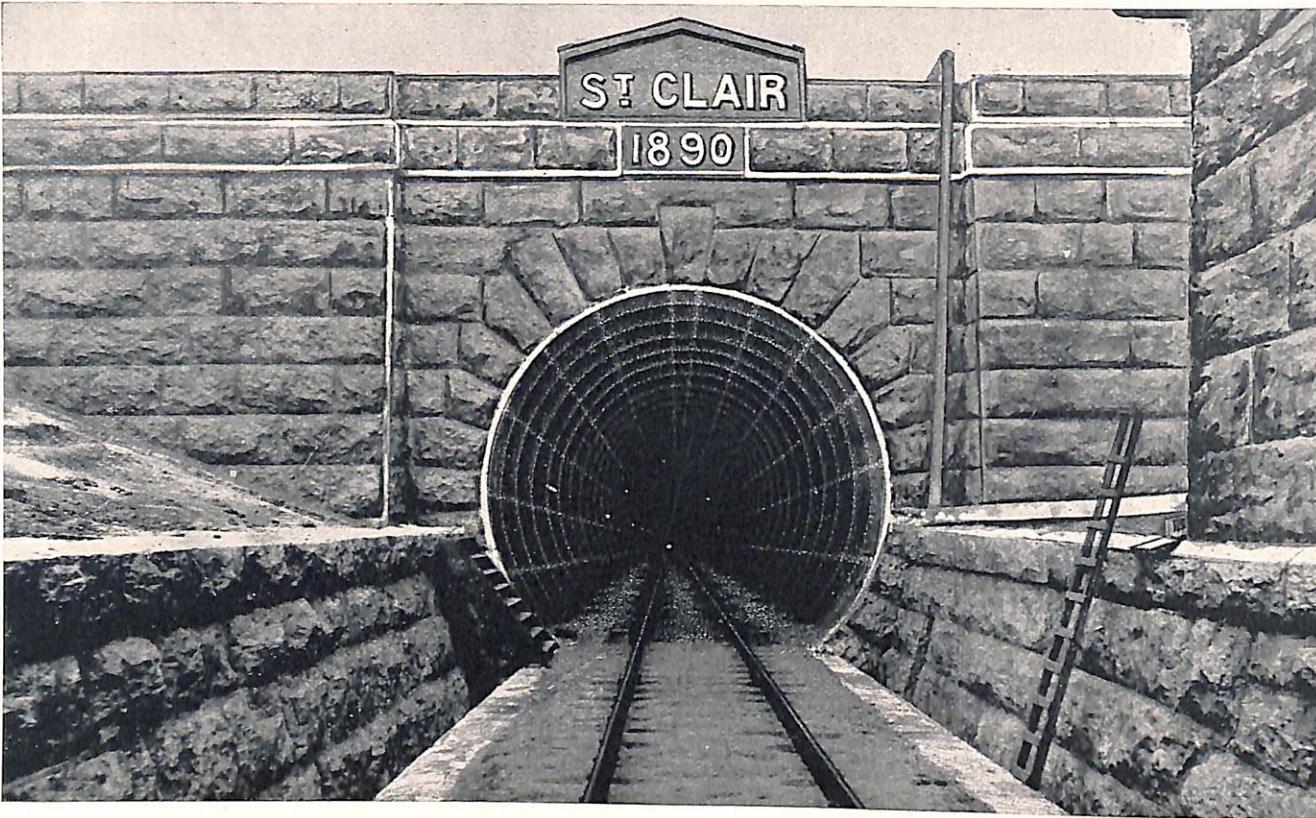
W. W. WATTS, *Gen'l.*
W. H. GUERIN.

OFFICERS OF ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY NO. 13.

ARTHUR C. NICHOLS, *Eminent Commander.*
WILL W. WATTS, *Generalissimo.*
JAS. R. BACH, *Captain General.*
REV. M. M. GOODWIN, *U. S. N., Prelate.*
CHAS. E. HISCOCK, *P. E. C., Treasurer.*
JOHN W. BENNETT, *Recorder.*

ALBERT W. GASSER, *Senior Warden.*
WM. A. MOORE, *Junior Warden.*
J. FRED HOELZLE, *Standard Bearer.*
CHAS. L. STEVENS, *Sword Bearer.*
WM. S. CARPENTER, *Warden.*
THOS. TAYLOR, *Sentinel.*





Portal St. Clair Tunnel, American Side.

OUR PILGRIMAGE TO BOSTON.



ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY NO. 13, K. T., of Ann Arbor, State of Michigan;—“Michigan, My Michigan.” We of Ann Arbor claim much when credits are being weighed, to show to whom belongs the most in heralding abroad the news of prosperity, forever to be a part of the history of “Michigan, Our Michigan.”

Education has hewn from out the solid oaks of adversity, more perfect timbers with which to build the house we live in, than the countless swords of armies the world over.

The University of Ann Arbor is like our Commandery,—greater and better than we claim. So have the people of our broad land testified, and with such testimony we are content. Our Fratres of Michigan have honored Ann Arbor Commandery in their councils and we are content again. We believe in Ann Arbor and we want you to know it.

En Route.—Our vestibuled train of sleepers has been loaded with the best Washtenaw county affords in the way of refreshment and sociability. The ladies are with us. Guardians we perhaps need, but we will turn the tables on the popular sentiment referring to stag parties, and look after the ladies. Their presence will brighten the journey and soften the burden of military discipline intended to prevail.

The “Ann Arbor Road” would feel slighted were we to take another on so important a journey. Her name has saved the credit again. Hamburg is only a step; thence to Port Huron.

The Tunnel City, made famous by the enterprise of the Grand Trunk Railway, coupled with the skill of her chief Engineer.



University Hall.

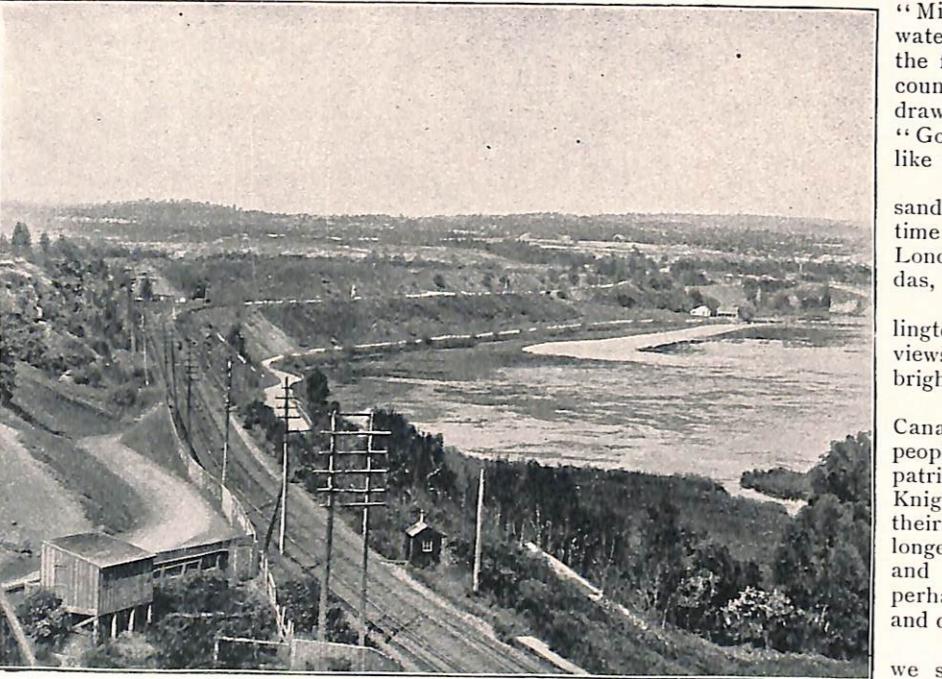
The St. Clair Tunnel has become a part of Michigan history, as well as a milestone in the roadway of progress, which still leads onward toward the commercial union of two peoples, whose mother tongue re-echoes naught but friendship and interest in one another. "Canada" and "Michigan" clasp hands beneath the waters of the St. Clair, and strive along the fancied boundary line, to tell to what country they belong, or whether nature draws a line in sport or fancy. The air, "God Save the Queen" sounds strangely like "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

London,—a city of about thirty thousand people. Supper will here engross our time and guide our inclinations. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.

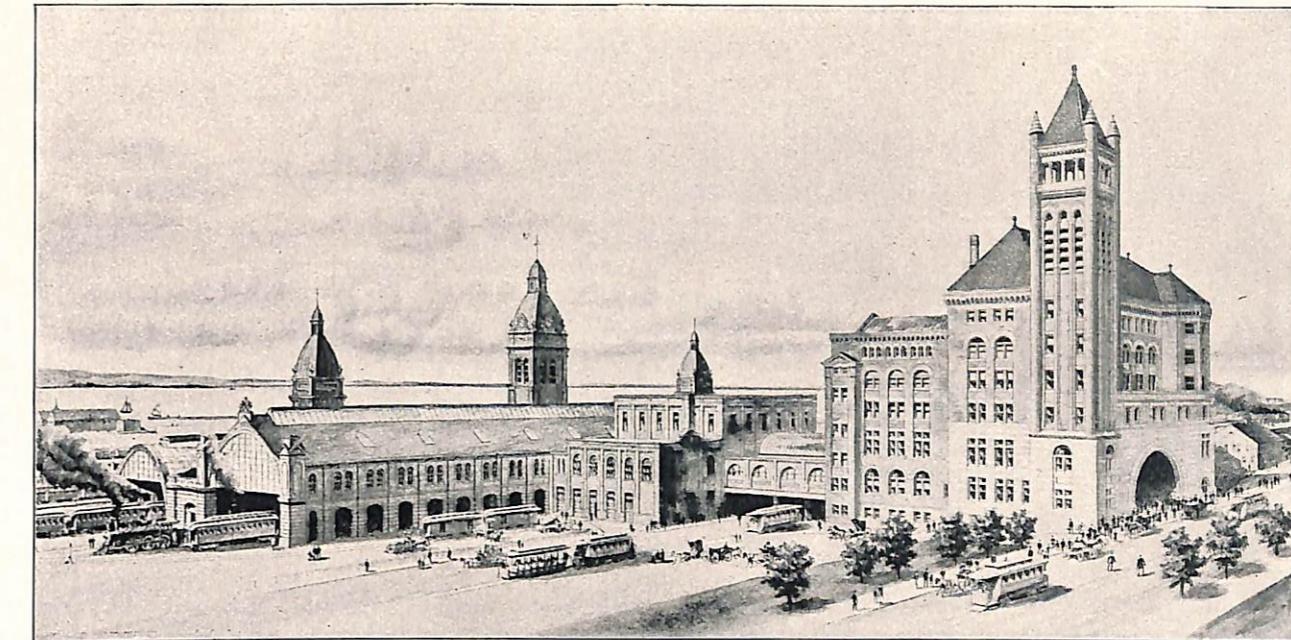
A pretty view at Dundas,—Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

Toronto,—"The American City of Canada." About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long,—the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are on the way to Kingston,—perhaps asleep, but awake to the pleasures and comfort of the trip thus far.

Kingston.—The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the St. Lawrence River.



Burlington Heights, Hamilton.



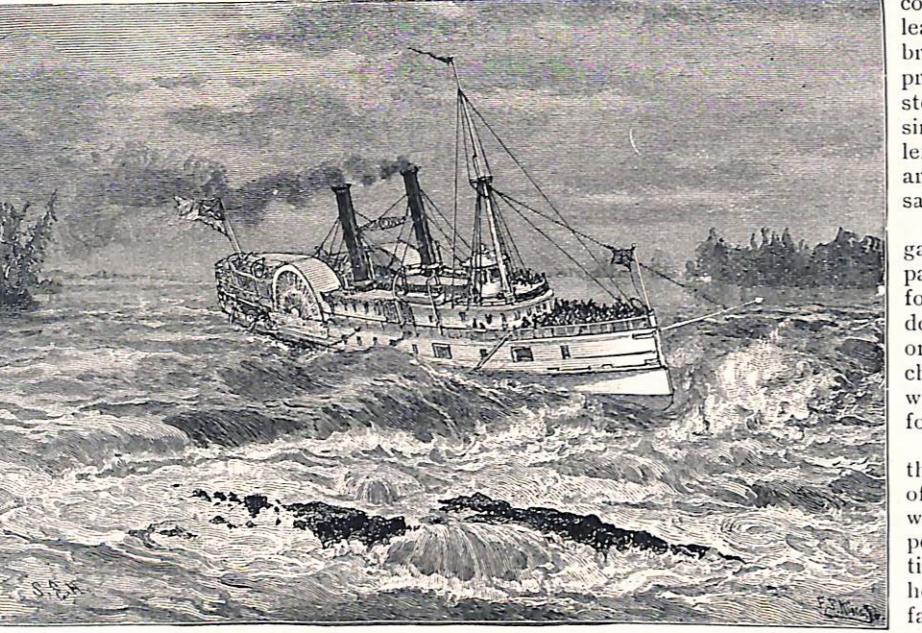
Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty,

seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food,—for these, the option is provided.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

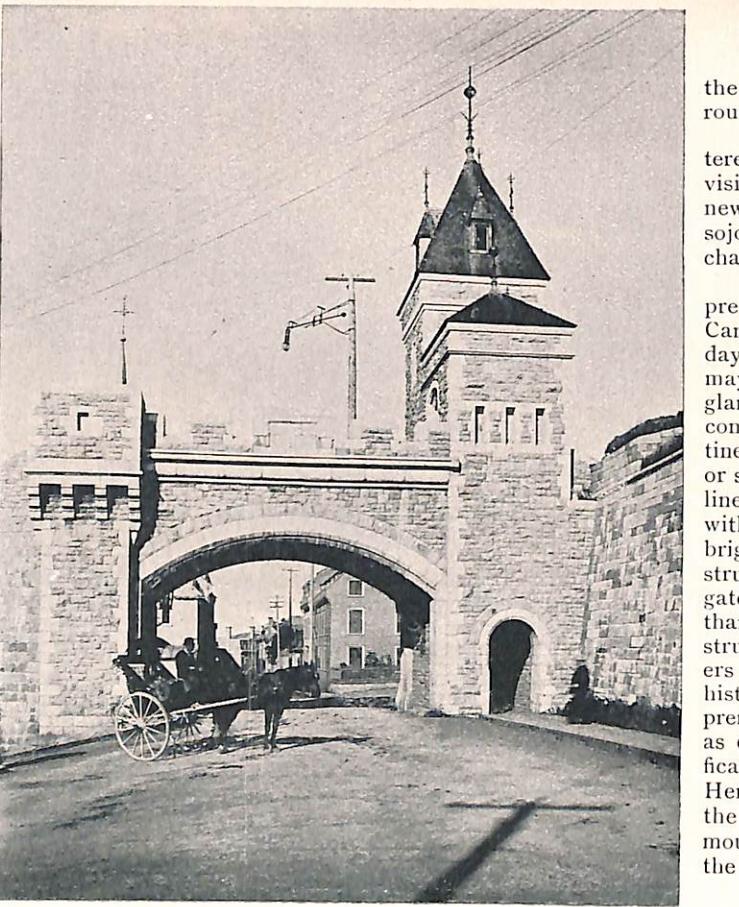
age and power, for good or ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overwhelming surges would leave no

mark or buoy, to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant, placid waters once again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.

Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six p. m. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast number of visitors; her streets are well paved, and intersected at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal,



Place d'Armes, Montreal.



Kent Gate, Quebec.

the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness seldom equaled.

Quebec.-- Montreal possesses many features of interest, which are indeed so new to the average American visitor. She lies, as it were, on the threshold, dividing the new and the old worlds. Montreal, with her cosmopolite sojourners, serves to introduce us, by degrees, to the changes incident to a visit to Quebec.

Quebec, as old-fashioned as time, as foreign to our present as need be, seems the last link which perhaps binds Canada's eventful past with the new world's present. The day dream of the poet, the hero worshiper, the historian, may be fed from no more interesting food than even a glance at her present antiquity could furnish. He who conjures up the flight of armies over Europe and the Continent, massing now before some stronghold of the enemy, or sees them as at Metz or Paris, entrenched behind massive lines of fortifications, will be brought face to face at Quebec with the foundation facts whereon may be builded a story, brighter, far more grand to us as Americans, than the struggles of Europe could present. Quebec lies at our gates. The pages of history record no greater undertaking than the settlement of America; they record no greater struggles than were borne by Washington and our forefathers for us; neither do they paint a picture surpassing, in historic interest, the French and English struggle for supremacy under these very walls. She lies now as tranquil as death. Overlooking the St. Lawrence, her proud fortifications seem but fitting monuments of departed greatness. Her old stone walls speak not of this age. The bastions of the old fort, although holding the British cannon in their mouths, and look to long for activity, not sleep, yet is it not the flood-gates of the old, old history of evolution, which,



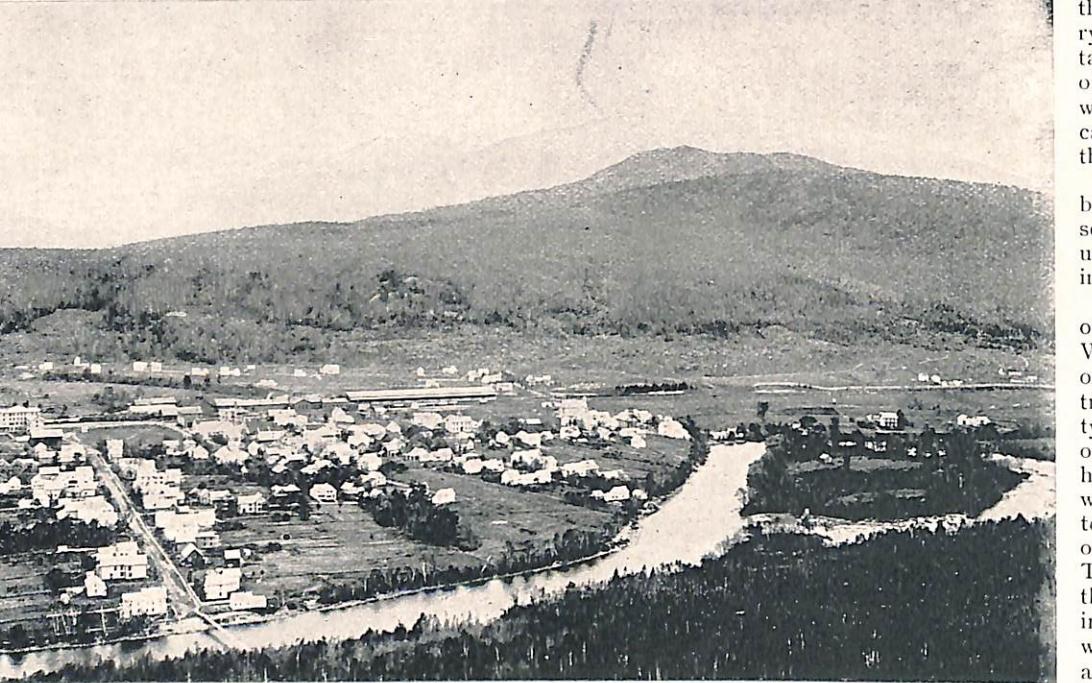
Quebec from Levis.

opening, force our thoughts to linger on the then bright side of war. The good old times are left behind; the newer, better times are here. Can we not, as Knights Templar, learn an object lesson at Quebec? Do we not stand on principles stronger

and more mighty than these walls of stone, carrying our banners to certain victory in the war of Christian progress, which shall outlive these cannon, these stones, and these monuments?

The whole day will be given to Quebec from seven in the morning until eight in the evening; then we leave for

Gorham.—“The base of the White Mountains.” We seem to be endeavoring to visit the extremes of nature’s bounty, as well as the castles of man’s imagery. We have thought of war; we have slept in peace, to waken in the bosom of tranquility, as it were. The pastoral beauty of these Eastern hills, sloping to the valley we are winding through, form a rich border to the framework of the White Mountains, just in sight.



Village of Gorham, N. H.



Beauties of Casco Bay.

A stop here will fill our lungs with the freshening mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip. We will arrive at Gorham about seven A. M., leaving there for Portland at noon.

Portland, Me.—Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.

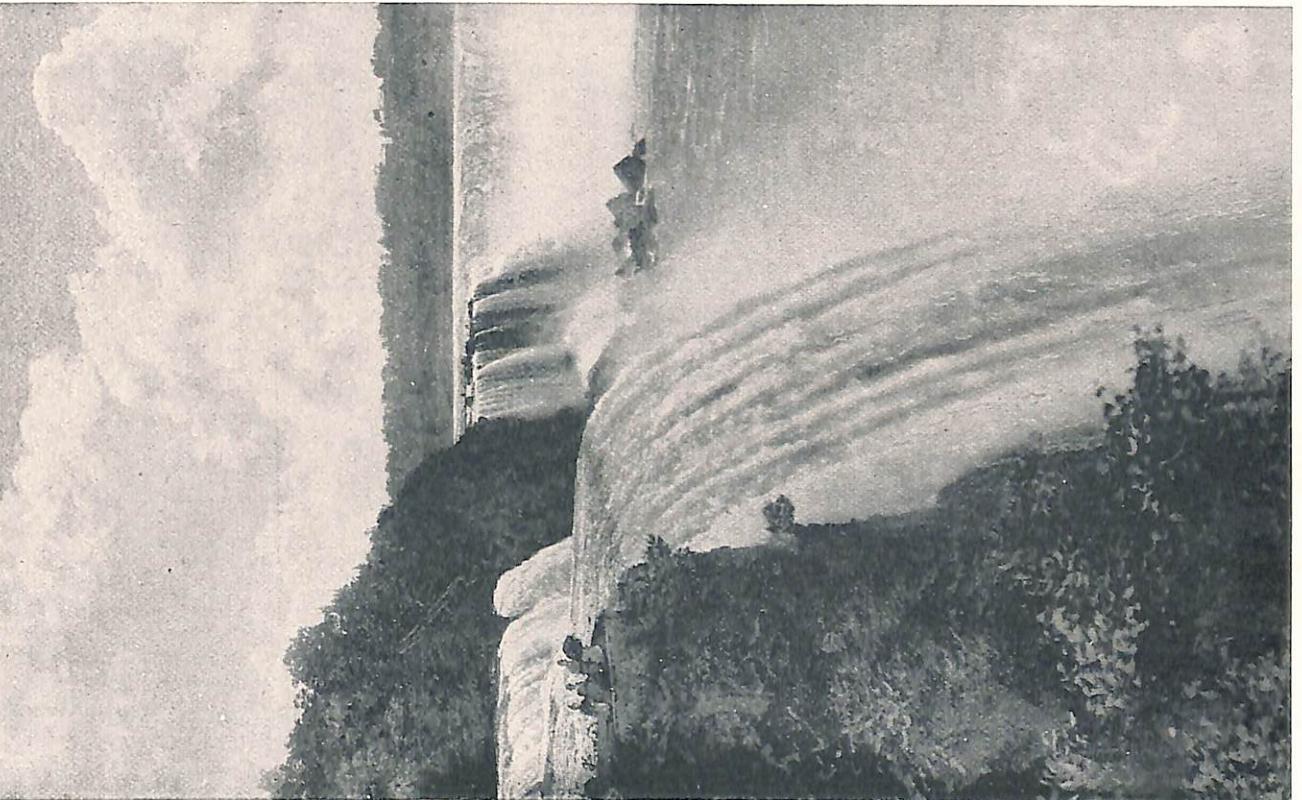
Old Orchard Beach.



Old Orchard Beach.

ing. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other adjuncts of a first-class watering place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. We spend the whole day Sunday at Old Orchard Beach.

Monday Morning, August 26th.—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.



Niagara Falls.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of “*Bean-town*.” We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season’s “summer girl,” conjuring up the many visions of how she’d look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not “*The ‘Hub?’*” There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic “Commons,” her own history itself as a “Commonwealth,” will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impressions. We are all here for that purpose.

Return Journeys.—In coming back (the minds of our people having been so charged with variety), it may be said that we will scatter nearly to the four winds, to finally land at Niagara Falls, and take the Grand Trunk Railway for Detroit and home.

The Fitchburg Railway offers a free side trip to Saratoga *en route* to Rotterdam; thence the West Shore will be available through Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo to Niagara. This has been termed the official route. The Fitchburg “Hoosac Tunnel Route” has its share of pleasant pictures *en route*. Its famous Hoosac Tunnel, nearly five miles in length, and lighted by myriads of incandescent stars, rivals in interest as an engineering triumph our own “St. Clair.”

The West Shore Railway skirts the banks of the Mohawk, unfolding in refreshing picturesqueness the many gems of “New Holland.” Forgetting that some are going *via* New York, we have nearly reached home in advance of them. Can they not describe all the beauties when we see them again. We will have our story to tell, and they another. Perhaps theirs will be of the beauties of the “Switzerland of America,” the mountains and streams of the Lehigh Region, the Switch-back at Mauch Chunk or the road bed of the Only Lehigh Valley Railroad. Or, again, the Hudson River with its Highlands, its Palisades or its sight of “Old Glory” fluttering in the breeze over the parade ground at West Point, where have been penned in the early lives of our greatest men, the pages of history made for and by the people.

Niagara Falls.—While *en route* you will likely be desirous of seeing Niagara Falls. You will all pass by it, why not stop off? In the fore part of the description of our trip we have compared the Whirlpool Rapids with the St. Lawrence. It is well that some such comparison were not attempted with Niagara Falls themselves. There seems to be nothing under the blue canopy which can appeal as strongly to the sense of admiration as a sight of Niagara Falls. The gurgling, white-capped current above them rolls relentlessly toward the brink, as does the span of human life,—then, beyond, the future,—from which no traveler has e'er returned. Niagara Falls will, for centuries to come, roll down the page of history, and no one will appear to say, We owe you no homage. We are pleased to see Niagara each time, be our visits ever so frequent.

“The rushing waters seem to reach a goal
So dark—so deep—
And mingle present, past and future in the fold
Of everlasting sleep.”

After Niagara we will hurry home to rest and dream over pleasantries and pictures long to be remembered.